

Cabin Fever

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Cabin Fever

by [Flustered](#)

Summary

“You’re going to regret this,” Quackity pointed a swaying finger at Phil. “You’re going to crumble. Sooner or later, you’re going to be begging to tell me where Technoblade is.”

“Sure, mate.” Phil replied.

“Don’t think I don’t know.” Quackity spoke louder, “I know your little secret. Elytrons can’t stand being in small spaces. You’re going to go fuckin’ crazy. You’ll start scratching at the walls and ceiling. You’ll get weak and slow.”

“Ah,” Phil replied humorously, “it’s my age catching up to me, mate. I’ll be fine.”

Quackity slammed his hands into the table. Nearly knocking the matching ceramic bowl off to join it’s cup brethren. “You don’t think I’ll know the second you’re going to lose your mind? I have guards watching you.” He waved a finger in a circle, “I’m gonna listen to you beg to come outside, Philza Minecraft, but I won’t let you. Not until Technoblade has been brought to justice.”

Phil shrugged, “of course, mate.”

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Phil losing his absolute mind while he's under house arrest because there is clearly a child being abused on the server and nobody is talking about it au. Again, nobody asked me for this au. But here I am.

Notes

 DARKSBI DISCLAIMER BRRUUHH

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

A knock on the door made Philza believe that Ghostbur was coming to visit him. His son came by every few days. A bright smile on his lips, with meaningless words to say. But there was little variety while Phil was under house arrest. L'Manburg had thrown him in here, and with only a glance at the anklet they latched onto his leg, it would be a tough situation to get out of. Curse of Binding was a bit rough to remove, but Philza had escaped it's grasp many times in his life.

Instead of Ghostbur, it was one of the officials from L'Manburg. What was his name again? Something bird like. Ghostbur mentioned it a few days ago... oh, yes. That's right. Quackity.

A ceramic mug shattered against the wall of the tiny home. Philza liked that mug. It was one of the few items he was allowed to have.

"-if you don't start talking *right now*- " Quackity was actually spitting with every word. Uncontrollable anger tinting his face red. The smell of alcohol was already coming off the man in waves, and it was barely noon.

Phil leaned back in the terrible wooden chair- god, how can they make them to dig right into his sore back?- and simply watched. A polite smile on his face.

Quackity's lips peeled back, giving Phil a rather unpleasant look.

"Care now, you don't want your face to get stuck like that." Phil remarked mildly, and Quackity's face grew redder.

"You think you're so funny," Quackity snarled, leaning into Phil's personal space. His breath could start a fire if somebody lit a match near his face. Phil didn't move. Didn't even blink. Keeping the same careless smile on his face.

It was riling Quackity up even further. If looks could kill, Phil would be home with his wife right now. A finger was harshly jabbed into Phil's chest. "But you won't laugh when you start clawing at the walls."

"I quite like the walls. Spruce wood is my favorite." Phil replied happily.

Quackity snarled a few choice words. "You know what I'm talking about. Fuckin' Elytrons. I know your kind. And I know your weakness. You think you're all high and proud, but we're going to catch him, Philza. Technoblade deserves to die."

"Last week you said he deserved to be put on trial." Phil remarked.

"You don't release a shit ton of withers on L'Manburg and spend your life in jail." Quackity shot back, swaying backwards. He had to lean up against the table from completely falling over. "Technoblade and your shit son ruined *everything*."

Phil didn't let the flicker of his anger show through his mask. Instead, he just nodded along.

Quackity was too drunk to notice. “And we all know who invited you onto this server. And it wasn’t Dream.”

It was true. Phil received an invite from Technoblade. Asking him to “come get his kid, he’s acting out.” Phil had thought that Wilbur was throwing a tantrum. Perhaps trying to take over yet another server. Instead, he only found whispered echoed words and a cold ravine filled with buttons.

Dream had been, understandably, upset by Phil’s appearance. That Techno had extended an invite out to somebody who wasn’t whitelisted for the server. Any admin would be. Normally, Phil would simply leave. But the wound he sustained was terrible. Leaving him unable to travel between servers. And with Techno disappearing off into the wild... Phil was left at the mercy of those who survived L’Manburg.

Dream bitterly accepted Phil into his SMP. Whitelisting him so that way he could watch over Phil’s logs. No doubt trying to keep an eye on Phil. After that, Phil was given a trial and was thrown into this small hovel. A building on the outskirts of L’Manburg that had fared far better than the rest of the smoldering ashes of the city.

“You’re going to regret this,” Quackity pointed a swaying finger at Phil. “You’re going to crumble. Sooner or later, you’re going to be begging to tell me where Technoblade is.”

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Phil shrugged, “of course, mate.”

Quackity’s lips drew back in a sneer. He leaned in, his breath stinking of alcohol. “*Estás para el manicomio*, ” he whispered, and then stumbled upright. He kicked the chair over as he tripped to the door. “You’re going to regret this, Philza.” He called out before he slammed the door so hard that it made the windows shudder.

“See you later.” Phil replied, watching as the drunk left.

A crow was perched on one of the branches outside. Slowly, touching his aching back as he did so, Phil got to his feet. Despite his jokes of his age, he was still nimble in the parts that counted most. Even if his back, and broken wing, were a bit stiff from the lack of exercise. His feet passed over the broken cup, and he opened the window.

A breeze ruffled through his hair, and he took in the smell of the outside world. The faint whiff of pine and mulch. The trees rustled in the wind.

Then Phil spoke under his breath, “tell Techno to not come.”

The crow hopped from one branch to another, cawing loudly. Phil kept his eyes closed, as if he was just taking in the breeze. He tapped his fingers against the wood windowsill. “Yes,” he muttered, “I know. Let him know I’m being watched closely. Don’t send any more messages. They’re going to catch on sooner than later.”

The crow clicked it’s beak a few times, fluffing it’s feathers. Croaking out a few more noises, before it took off in a flutter of black wings. Phil watched one of his chat leave. Until the crow was only a speck in the horizon. He waited at the window a little bit longer. Truth being told, it was awfully cramped in this home. It was small. And it was starting to itch at him.

Phil took in a long deep breath then closed the window. Turning away to go sit at the table again. Elytrons did, in fact, take to being locked up in tight spaces very badly. But, the root cause of it all was stress. As long as he stayed relaxed and calm, he wouldn’t spiral.

This was not the first time Phil had spent a while in prison. This one was better than some. Once, he had lived a decade in a tiny cell under a castle. The walls looming above him, threatening to break and send the rock falling on top of him. But Phil had stayed calm. Keeping a peaceful and unworried mindset.

In the end, Technoblade found him. He pulled Philza back into the open air, and the two of them set the castle ablaze. Eventually, they would do the same here. They would find a way to fix Wilbur, and they would break the server.

All Phil had to do now was just wait.

It had only been a few hours later when there was a faint tapping at Phil’s door. Phil had barely time to glance up before his son walked through the wood. Ghostbur smiling happily at him. His body was slightly translucent and tinted blue.

“Hi Dad!” Ghostbur beamed at him, a lock of brown hair falling into his eyes. Wilbur had let himself go before his death, and his disheveled appearance stayed with Ghostbur. Including the glistening, still wet red stain that covered his chest.

Phil leaned back, a faint smile appearing on his face. “Hello Ghostbur. Have you come to tell me more stories?”

It was painful. Gods above was it painful. Looking at this son, with the mess of code that had been twisted to near unrecognizable portions, and witnessing his own failure. The wound that Phil himself inflicted.

Fixing Wilbur’s code, bringing him back from whatever half-life he was trapped in, was one of the many goals Phil had. Techno was already researching about it. They’ll figure out how

to fix Wilbur.

“Dad, have I told you about Tommy?” Ghostbur asked, beaming brightly. “He’s my little brother!”

“You’ve told me a few things.” Phil replied, as Ghostbur sat down in the matching chair. His fingers brushed up against the worn wood, leaving streaks of bright blue behind.

Truth be told, Tommy was the only person that Ghostbur talked about. The little brother. The boy with a bright smile. The kid that followed Wilbur from server to server. Phil mentioned him once in a message, and Technoblade replied he was a ‘sassy little brat, but decent to be around.’ Which was high praise, coming from Techno.

“Oh!” Ghostbur leaned forwards excitedly, “have you heard about the party? Tommy and I spent forever to set it up. I left a lot of blue for Tommy to decorate.”

Phil raised an eyebrow, “I haven’t. What is it for?”

“Tommy wanted people to come visit so he is throwing a beach party. I couldn’t get too close to the water because I melt. But Tommy said it was okay. He put up a lot of banners. I helped. I made them all blue.” Ghostbur chatted aimlessly. “Have you seen the sky when the sun is really high? It’s so pretty. Friend and I could stare at it all day. Have you met Friend? I love him so much.”

“Yes I have,” Phil replied. “Why is Tommy alone though? I thought he was around here?”

“Oh no, he’s living on a beach.” Ghostbur shook his head. “I don’t really see other people around him. Except Dream.”

The name of the admin made Phil twitch.

“Why isn’t Tommy in L’Manburg?” Phil asked instead.

Ghostbur didn’t seem to even notice the question. Humming to himself while he stared out the window. He gasped, “Dad, did I tell you I saw Techno?”

“*Where?*”

“Right in L’Manburg. He scared me! But it’s okay. Turns out it was a poster instead.” Ghostbur laughed, the noise sounding hollow.

Phil eased back into his chair with a long sigh. Rubbing the space between his eyebrows. “Why is Tommy alone?” He asked again, genuinely curious. Ghostbur had talked so much about Tommy and how they both worked on creating the country. Why had he left?

“I can’t remember.” Ghostbur mused quietly, a distant expression on his face. “But he’s on a beach! Did I tell you about the party? Tommy was really nice. He even made an invitation for Friend!”

Phil smiled, the troubled expression leaving his face. “No, tell me more.” He leaned up against the table. Just glad that he could spend time with Ghostbur. “I’m all ears.”

Nobody came. Nobody fucking came.

Tommy sat on the beach for hours. Watching the portal with eager eyes at the beginning. But when the sun rose up high and began to fall again, his gaze dropped. Using a stick to slide the sand around, making pictures and curse words.

He’d at least thought one person would sheepishly come. At least Ranboo. Or Tubbo. Maybe even Quackity. The people who didn’t hate him yet.

Tommy sat. Even when his skin started to pink from under the bright sun. Waiting. The ocean crashing against the shore over and over. The banners flapping in the wind.

Finally, the sun was setting. The sky turning a burning orange when the nether portal popped and sparked. A figure emerged, and Tommy sat up. Heart pounding in his chest.

Dream stepped through. Brushing a stray bit of ash from the nether off of his green hoodie. “I’m here, Tommy.” He spoke, and then he looked up, “I hope I’m not too... where is everybody?”

The single question made Tommy’s eyes start to burn and nose prick. He covered his face with his hands in embarrassment as he started to cry. He didn’t want Dream to see. He didn’t want anybody to look at him. He wanted to be alone.

Gloved hands grabbed his shoulders and pulled him into a warm embrace. Tommy couldn’t stop the sobs that escaped him. “I’m sorry,” Tommy cried, “I’m sorry, Dream.”

“Hey, no. It’s okay. It’s fine Tommy.” Dream spoke.

“I should’ve... I should’ve listened to you.” Tommy choked out, “you were right. Nobody cares.” Tommy hadn’t believed him. Surely, after everything Tommy did, people would have still remembered him. Enough to at least visit. Right?

But Dream had been right. Nobody cared about TommyInnit anymore.

“I care.” Dream replied, his grip tightening on Tommy. Pinning him close in his arms. “Remember, Tommy? I’m your friend.”

Tommy buried his face into Dream’s hoodie. His tears soaking into the cloth. “Yeah,” Tommy spoke from wobbling lips, “you’re my friend, Dream.”

Tommy sat shivering in the sand. It had been two days since the party. The decorations were still up. But they were falling apart now. The banners on the ground now. Covered in sand.

The firepit was gone. The beach covering up the hole Tommy had dug for it. The tables and chairs were still perfectly placed. Yet Tommy didn't sit at one of them.

"Tommy!" The voice made Tommy flinch. And he looked up as Ghostbur floated from the woods. "Hello! How are you?"

Tommy gazed up at Ghostbur with a hollowed look. His... friend? Brother? President? God, Tommy didn't know what they were anymore. Ghostbur looked the same as usual. Hair just too shy of being long falling into his eyes. A gentle smile on his lips. The blood stain on his sweater.

"Are you okay? Do you want some blue?" Ghostbur opened his hand and blue dye dripped from his fingers. It fell onto the sand where it soaked into the dirt. Staining it.

"I'm fine." Tommy turned away. His gaze lowering to the sand again.

"I'm happy to hear that!" Ghostbur laughed, and sat down next to Tommy. The sand barely moving from the ghosts presence. "Come here, let me look at you!" He faintly grabbed at Tommy's arm. It was barely a feeling. A gentle nudge. All that Ghostbur could do to affect the world.

"No." Tommy jerked his arm out of the hold. He didn't even want to look at Ghostbur. "Leave me alone."

"But Tommy, you're so cute!" Ghostbur laughed, leaning in. The faint coolness of his skin sending prickles down Tommy's spine. "With your golden fluffy hair you look like a chick!"

"I do not, bastard!" Tommy snapped, but he ran a hand through his hair. It was getting long too. He didn't even have the iron to make shears to cut it. "I'm not fucking cute."

"Awww," Ghostbur kept leaning onto him. "That's no fun. Come here, Tommy. Let me give you a big hug. Hug's always make me feel better."

Tommy didn't say a word. Biting his lip as Ghostbur wrapped his arms around him and gently pulled him into an icy embrace. It was cold. Like the sea.

It felt like nothing like Dream's hug. It had been warm. And he let Tommy hold onto him for a really long time. Dream was so nice. Tommy blinked the salt burning in his eyes. He hadn't cared that Tommy got his hoodie all wet from blubbing like a idiot. Instead he was really nice. Dream treated Tommy far better than he deserved.

Pressed up against Ghostbur's side, Tommy felt oddly detached. He couldn't hear Ghostbur's heartbeat. His chest was deadly still. Despite the familiar yellow sweater pressed up against his cheek, Tommy felt like he was being held by a rock.

"Do you feel any better now Tommy?" Ghostbur whispered near Tommy's ear. Even his breath was cold. "I know I do! Tommy hugs are so wonderful."

Tommy stared out at the cold ocean. And he swallowed, "no."

“What?”

“I don’t feel better.” Tommy whispered. “I don’t like this.”

The band of Ghostbur’s arms around him tightened. But there was no strength behind it. It was as flimsy as the walls of trnet. Like a spiderweb. “Are you eating enough Tommy? You’re really thin. Oh, I know! I can give you some blue!”

“I’m fine.”

He was starving. But it was important. Tommy knew it was. Dream said he shouldn’t eat anything. Tommy should only get what Dream gave him. His stomach hurt at the beginning. But now it was a mild annoyance. Constantly in the back of his mind, but he could ignore it.

Dream was his friend. He’d give Tommy everything he’d need.

“Oh! I know. I can get you some berries from the forest. They’ll be sweet.” Ghostbur chatted aimlessly. “I know you love berries. Don’t you remember? You used to eat them by the handful.” He laughed, “I remember because you had that silly look on your face when you ate them. And your hair was puffy too! So so fluffy.” He patted Tommy’s head. His cold fingers running through Tommy’s dirty hair.

Tommy shivered, and with a sudden burst of anger, he broke out of Wilbur’s grip. “Get off of me.” He stood up on shaky legs, “I don’t need berries, Ghostbur. I don’t need hugs. I don’t need you calling me stupid shitty things that aren’t even true. Go away!”

Ghostbur blinked up at him. Blue dye smeared all over his hands. He held them out. As if he was still trying to hold Tommy. “Everybody needs a hug, Tommy.”

Tommy stepped back. His fists clenching. “I don’t need it from *you*.”

Ghostbur grew very quiet. His eyes gaining that blank misty look he got when he was trying to think. Or remember something. Shitty ghost. Forgetting everything that ever happened. Of the important things. Of the late night talks Tommy and Wilbur had. The plans they made in a drug van. The promises they made each other.

Ghostbur was a walking dead man. Another knife Tommy couldn’t handle taking in his chest.

“Okay.” Ghostbur smiled faintly, “I understand.”

“Good!” Tommy couldn’t stop the tight feeling in his throat. The regret and guilt that hit him when Ghostbur’s face fell. It wasn’t Ghostbur’s fault he couldn’t remember. “You should leave. Dream doesn’t like it when people visit without him here.” Tommy clutched at his arms. Dream wouldn’t be happy to know Ghostbur was here.

“Okay.” Ghostbur agreed again. “Can I bring Friend next time?”

“No.” Tommy shouted, “there is no next time. Go away, Ghostbur. I don’t,” Tommy’s voice cracked, “I don’t need anybody else. Dream is my friend.”

“I guess I’ll see you next time, Tommy.” Ghostbur smiled.

Tommy wanted to scream. His fingers digging into his arms. He could tell they would leave bruises. “There is no next time, Ghostbur.” Tommy gritted out, “just go.”

“Okay! Bye!” Ghostbur stood up, brushing off the invisible sand from his pants. He looked up at Tommy. “Are you okay Tommy? Do you want a hug?”

Tommy swore under his breath and turned away. His feet sinking into the sand as he stomped away. Kicking the dirt up into the air as he went. He slunk back to his home. The white fabric of the tent worn and frayed after all the time in the elements, but it was all Tommy had now.

Thankfully, Ghostbur didn’t follow him.

Phil was standing at the window. Staring out into the open world, enjoying the slight breeze as it came by. Chat had yet to return. And that could only be a good thing. He leaned up against the sill, holding his head in a palm as he witnessed the simple pleasure of life.

There was a shuffling sound, and a man rounded the corner of the road. There were not many people who traveled the path around Phil’s home. It was set on the outskirts of L’Manburg. But he was a familiar face.

“Good morning, mate. How are you?” Phil greeted Fundy. The man’s bright orange hair was a dead give away.

“Mornin’ Philza.” Fundy replied, polite but cautious. “I’m fine. How are you? Getting cooped up yet?”

Phil laughed, “not yet. I’m perfectly fine. How’s the rebuilding going?”

“Fine. It’s a bit busy but it’s repetitive.” Fundy shuffled his feet, glancing around. “Did you enjoy the tea I sent you?”

“Oh it was fantastic mate.” Phil replied. “It’s very sweet of you to let me have some.” A thought occurred to Phil. “How was the party?”

Fundy frowned, “party? What party?”

“The one that Tommy threw. It’s happened by now, right?” Phil asked. “Ghostbur came by to tell me about it.”

Fundy looked at him with a strange expression. “I’m... I don’t understand? I haven’t heard about a party.”

Phil blinked with surprise. “Really? Ghostbur said he invited the whole server.”

“Yes.” Fundy shifted uncomfortably, “I haven’t heard about it from anybody. But I think it’s to be expected. Tommy’s pissed off at us for... you know. Exile.”

“Exile?” This was the first Phil was hearing of it. Though, he had asked Ghostbur about it. It was one of those topics that Ghostbur couldn’t respond to. Forgetting about it entirely. Phil figured that Tommy had moved out for some reason or another. But he was exiled...

“Yeah,” Fundy ran a hand through his thick hair. His fox ears flicking, “he’s been exiled and apparently he’s asked that nobody visit. I don’t blame him. After all the pressure Dream was putting on L’Manburg with the walls and everything... Tubbo had to do something. Did Tommy really throw a party?”

“Last I heard from Ghostbur, yes.” Phil was taking in the information quietly. Trying to fit the puzzle together.

Fundy’s ears pinned back in a heartbroken expression. “*Oh*. I um.” He took a step back. “I need to go. Bye.”

Phil opened his mouth to say his farewell, but Fundy was already gone. Speeding down the path he came. His head hung low.

“Huh...” Phil muttered to himself. His pleasant expression falling. Leaving a cold calculating look. “They were pressured into exiling Tommy because of Dream?” The admin of this server was bold. Forcing the players to his whims. All of the signs pointed to admin abuse.

Phil tilted his head to the side. A bird like action. “Why would Dream want Tommy alone?” His fingers tapping on the window sill.

He was lost in his own thoughts he didn’t see a new figure emerge at the end of the street. Bouncing on his feet, Ghostbur waved at him until he caught Phil’s attention. “Dad!” Ghostbur called out excited, with a bright smile on his face. He happily skipped up to Phil until he was just under the window. “Dad! Can you give Tommy a hug?”

“*What?*” Phil asked.

Ghostbur laughed at his father’s stunned expression. “He said he didn’t want any more hugs from me, but so can you give them to him instead? You’re the best hugger ever.”

Phil blinked down at his son, and gave a faint smile. “Why don’t you come inside, Ghostbur? Tell me more about Tommy.”

“Okay!” Ghostbur agreed happily. Completely ignorant of the sharp look in Phil’s eyes. “Would you like some blue?”

Fire rained down from the sky as a wither screamed. The sound of its blasts impacting made the ground jump under Phil’s feet.

War was familiar. The sound of buildings crumbling, the ash and dust filling the air, and the scent of blood was second nature. Like walking into an old school house. Full of nostalgia.

Phil didn't have the luxury of fighting. He didn't get to watch as the wither found life and crushed it with its power. Sucking the blood and leaving only husks behind. He didn't get to see fire spread out, eating away the remains of a city.

Instead, he held the body of his only son. Cradled in his arms like a newborn.

What had he done? Gods above. *What had he done?*

Wilbur was breathing. Phil couldn't bare to look him in the face. To watch his eyes grow dim. To see the accusing stare. For Wilbur to curse him out for putting a blade through his chest.

Why-? Why had Phil done that?

Wilbur had been talking. Doing a dramatic speech that even Techno would be proud of. And then he hit a button and then...

Phil's memories went fuzzy. He could recall drawing his sword. The open arms of Wilbur as he welcomed the cold steel. Words echoing in his head that made him dizzy.

Wilbur was half siren.

But *why*? Why why *why* would Wilbur do this? Why would he get Phil to do it? Why? Wilbur was too smart. For his own good. God, Phil was going to fucking ground his son for the rest of eternity. If Wilbur could survive.

If.

"I'm sorry," Phil felt the sting of his eyes. It could be from the ash that fell thick in the air. It could be from the ugly hot wet tears that ran down his face. He didn't wipe them away. Letting it fall down his cheeks and to slide down his chin. Dropping onto his son's body. "I'm so sorry. I'm sorry Wilbur. Please don't. *Please*. Don't go."

Phil could feel the blood, hot and thick, through his robes. Drenching him. Sticking to his face and hands. Technoblade was creating destruction, and Phil didn't have enough time on this server to make any healing potions. He had only just arrived. If anybody had potions, it would be Techno. If he was near then Wilbur would live.

But the wither was faint in the distance. And Phil knew that Techno would be watching it. Just so it wouldn't turn onto him.

"I'm sorry," Phil choked out, pressing his face closer to Wilbur's chest. Blood stuck to his face. But he needed to hear Wilbur's heart beat. Needed to know he was still here. "Don't go yet. Kristin isn't ready for you."

Wilbur's body shuddered with each breath. Phil's sword was still lodged between his ribs. It had missed his heart. But only barely. Blood bubbled up from the wound. Wilbur trembled in his arms.

A hand weakly grasped at Phil's arm. Causing Phil to finally look up. Following the arm back up to...

A boy with blonde hair and blue eyes, wide with fear, stared at Phil. Bloody foam beading at the corner of his mouth. His white shirt had nearly fully red. It wasn't Wilbur. The boy in his arms was thinner, younger, and so terribly small. Like the world could close around him. Some of his features were blurred.

Without even having to think about it, Phil knew who it was.

The grip on his arms grew slightly tighter. As the boy gripped Phil's arm with his weakening strength. His lips opened, and blood spilled out.

"*D-Dad.*" Tommy whispered.

Phil woke up.

Phil practically launched himself out of bed. The meager cot creaking from the sudden movement. Cold sweat sliding down like a river on his back. Sticking to his bandages that covered his left wing.

He opened the window and poked his head through. Sucking in gasps of the cold air. Trying to get rid of the suffocating sensation that crawled up his throat. It wasn't often that his instincts would flare up. Being stuck in this tiny home was against his very being. And once in a blue moon they would try and remind him that this was *wrong*.

Phil needed to calm himself down. He had to. But as he slid a hand through his sweaty hair, he couldn't stop the racing of his heart. Panic was starting to swell up.

Where was Tommy? Was he safe? What was he doing right now? Phil couldn't stop the questions from circling over and over in his thoughts just like how he couldn't tell a river to stop flowing.

Finally, his fingers clenched tightly into a fist. The bite of his nails into his palm brought a semblance of reality. The stinging pain allowing him to take stock of his situation.

Phil was spiraling. He had to stop.

He kept his hand tightly balled up. The pain helping him as Phil regulated his breathing. In four. Hold seven. Exhale at eight. He did it again and again. Until his heart stopped pounding in his chest and the hysteria ebbed. Leaving him exhausted.

Sometime during it, he had slumped over. Sliding down the wall and sitting on the wood floor. Phil finally opened his hand, four half moon rings imprinted on his palm. A few had beading blood forming.

"Fuck." Phil leaned forwards, putting his head in his hands. It had been a matter of time. It had been months since he was here, it was bound to happen. He wasn't for this tiny corner of the world. Phil was meant for open skies, vast golden planes, and the endless void beneath his wings.

Phil just needed to pretend nothing happened. That his anxieties didn't spike up. That he hadn't had such a vivid and realistic dream. He clutched at his skull as the word rattled around in his head.

Phil had never met Tommy. All he knew of him was the descriptions that Ghostbur had told him. Despite that, it was seared behind his eyes. Appearing every time he closed them. The boy, who looked so much like Wilbur when he was younger, with blonde hair and blue eyes. Some of the details were fuzzy, since it was only a figment of his imagination.

The pure terror of seeing Tommy hurt was painfully fresh.

Somehow... Phil had to blink his eyes open to get the image out of his mind. Somehow his instincts had latched onto the stories of the boy. It didn't help that Ghostbur repeating over and over that Tommy was his brother. His instincts had somehow linked that "brother" meant "son" in his head.

The drive to protect a nestling was far, far more powerful than claustrophobia. It was deeper, a purely instinct driven skill. And somehow, *some-fucking-how*, his instincts have decided that Tommy was family. It had twisted his concern and worry for the boy into something else.

It didn't *make sense*.

Phil ran a hand down his face again. Pressing his fingers into his eyes hard, until he could see spots in his vision. Taking in a deep breath.

It was going to be fine. It *will* be fine. Philza was older and wiser than everybody on this server combined. He knew the tricks he could use on his own instincts. With Techno working in the background for Wilbur, Phil knew he was stuck.

There was no point on trying to trick the anklet on his leg. The admin himself, Dream, made it from the server's magic. With curse of binding on it, Philza was here until Techno made a very carefully thought out plan and executed it. He knew his best friend. Technoblade would not move a finger until it was the right time. Patient like a tiger, hunting it's prey.

Phil just needed to stop worrying about TommyInnit. He had to take a step back from the situation and ignore it all. The boy would be fine. Ghostbur visited him often, and the ghost wasn't a complete fool. He'd help Tommy as much as he could.

It was all Phil could do. To save himself, he had to forget about the kid.

End Notes

My friend, Bitsinboots, author of Secret of Being Colorful and I have made a discord (MULTIFANDOM NOW as of April 2024) server together. It is a 15+ age server. And it's a dictatorship. But if you'd like to come hang out with us, feel free. Here is the [discord link](#).

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!